

**in your head, in your head they are dying by
orphan_account**

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Summary:

Will has a nightmare about the Mind Frayer and nearly strangles one of his best friends.

in your head, in your head they are dying

Author's Note:

Title came from the lyrics of "Zombie" by the Cranberries.

Will wants this all to just stop.

This time, the nightmare had him transported to his own bedroom where it was infected with the telltale geological features of the Upside Down: bluish lights, slow-falling ashes, vines, and the horrible taste that painfully reminded Will of the poisonous air.

Panic was quick to strike Will. In his usual nightmares, he was in Hawkins outside a particular location: his house, the school, one of the neighborhoods where his friends lived, and even the now-abandoned laboratory that started it all.

But never in his own room.

He dashed towards the door but it was locked. Without a second thought, Will slammed his shoulder against the wood. He thought he heard it creak but it was as far as he could. His shoulder ached while the door remained shut.

"No, come on..." Will pinched the side of his neck. "Let me wake up. Wake me up! I want to *wake up!*"

He felt tears already filling up in his eyes. *No, not this time.* Will thought fiercely.

Yes, because you always cry.

Will stiffened in his spot. His breathing was quicker, racing with his heartbeat. The thirteen year old winced softly as he slowly turned around...

Are you stupid like the other humans? The Mind Frayer rang in his head. ***You won't find me here.***

"P-Please..." Will hated begging when he was in enemy's trouble. He been through that many times and it still felt like it was the first time he was vulnerable.

He hated these nightmares.

He hated the Mind Frayer.

He hated the Upside Down.

He hated Hawkins.

He hated Eleven for even discovering the Demogorgon.

Yes, keep going, Will.

At this point, Will was on his knees in close to a fetal position. He felt his jaws gaping open but he didn't know if he wanted to scream or cry or vomit. What he did know was that he heard his name repeated over and over by a too-familiar voice that continues to haunt him-

"WILL!"

Opening his eyes, Will instantly froze from where he woke up.

He was out of his bed, knees on the floor, on top of Mike.

His hands wrapped around Mike's throat.

"Oh my god-" Will released his grip, regaining his voice as he quickly got off of his best friend *whom he almost strangled to death*, watching helplessly and fearfully while Mike wheezed into a coughing fit.

Will quickly looked around his room and felt relief by the absence of vines and ashes, along with the sleeping presences of Dustin and Lucas. But that relief faded when Will glanced back at Mike who was sitting up from his sleeping bag, breathing normally and rubbing his throat.

"Mike..." Will started but his regret had a headstart and he started to cry again.

"Hey, hey," Mike hushed, his voice hoarse but calm. "I'm fine now, it's okay." He shuffled over and hugged Will.

"It's not *okay*, Mike." Will choked.

"It is now if you just let it out-"

"I tried to kill you!"

"It was just a nightmare."

"No! I could have done this to Lucas, or Dust-Dustin, or Jonathan, or my m-mom, or, or, or..." Will dug his face into Mike's shoulder, hoping for some silence of his sobs.

Mike kept assuring his friend, whispering *it's okay* with a few friendly kisses on Will's head.

So they stayed like that, sitting and fiercely hugging and quietly crying.